

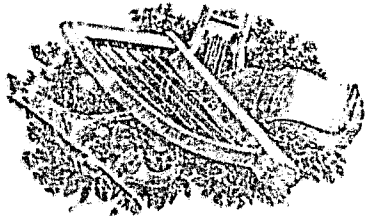
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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.
THE WESTERN HUNTER.
BY WILLIAM C. BRANT.

As, this is freedom!—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by ploughs unbroken.
Here with my rifle and my sword,
And her who left the world far me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.
For here the fair savannah know
No barriers in the blooming grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass,
In pastures, measureless as air,
The lion is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.
Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long line of waving sedge;
The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the elk-wolf stands at bay;
The brindled catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.
With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with train
Of vines, as huge and old and gray!
Free stray the locust streams, and find
No taint in these fresh leaves and shades;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scy the hath swept the glades.
Alone the fire, when frostwinds sweep
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And trains of smoke that heavenward tower,
And streaming flames that sweep the plain,
Fierce, as if kindled to devour
Earth to the well-springs of the main.
Here from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its fount with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?
Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
I plunge, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I tread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies,
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

CHARM OF A RATTLESNAKE.

An extract from "Yemassee," a Romance
of South Carolina, by the author of Guy Rivers,
&c.

"He does not come—he does not come,"
she murmured, as she stood contemplating
the thick copse spreading before her, and loaming
the barrier which terminated the beautiful range
of oaks when constituted the grove. How
beautiful was the green and garniture of that
little copse of wood. The leaves were thick,
and the grass around lay folded over and over
in bunches, with here and there a wild flower
gleaming from its green and making of its beau-
tiful carpet of the richest and most various tex-
ture. A small tree rose from the center of a
clump around which a wild grape gudded lux-
uriantly; and with an incoherent sense of what
she saw, she lingered before the little cluster,
seeming to survey that which she had no thought
for at the moment. Things grew indistinct to
her wandering eye; the thought was turned
inward; and the musings spirit denying the
governing sense to the external spirits and con-
ductors, they failed duly, to appreciate the
forms that floated, and glided before them.—
In this way, the leaf detached made no impres-
sion upon the sight that was bent upon it; she
saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled
by a fear, in wanton circles around her head;
and the black snake, with the rapidity of an
arrow, darted over her path without arousing a
single terror in the form that otherwise would
have shivered but at its appearance. And yet,
though thus indistinct were all things around
her to the musings mind of the maiden, her eye
was singularly impressed with one object,
peering out at intervals from the little bush be-

neath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at mo-
ments, through the bright green of the leaves,
a star like glance, a small bright ray, subtle,
sharp, beautiful; an eye of the leaf itself, dart-
ing the most searching looks into her own.—
Now the leaves shook and the vines waved
elastically and in beautiful forms before her,
but the star like eye was there, bright and gor-
geous, and still gazing up to her own. How
beautiful, how strange, did it appear to the
maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming
sense, but with a spirit strangely attracted by
its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and
admiration were equally commingled. She
could have bent forward to pluck the gem like
things from the bosom of the leaf in which it
gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she ap-
proached, she heard a shrill scream from the
tree above her; such a scream as the mock
bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky
crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its
slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a
warning, and though yet unawakened to full
consciousness, it repelled her approach.

More than once in her survey of this strange
object had she heard that shrill note, and still
had it carried to her ear the same note of warn-
ing, and to her mind the same vague conscious-
ness of an evil presence. But the star-like
eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright
eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its
place and observant seemingly only of hers,
now darting forward with all the clustering
leaves about it, and shooting up towards her,
as if wooing her to seize. At another mo-
ment, riveted to the vine which lay around it,
it would whirl round and round, dazzling bright
and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly
by night in the hands of some playful boy—
but, in all this time, the glance was never taken
from her own—there it grew, fixed; a very
principle of light; and such a light, subtle,
burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as
gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds
us as we look—shooting, darting directly into
her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense
of discrimination, and confusing strangely that
of perception.

She felt dizzy, for as she looked, a cloud of
colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and
hung like so much drapery around the single
object that had so secured her attention and
spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momen-
tarily more and more insecure; her blood grew
cold, and she seemed to feel gradual freeze of
vein by vein, throughout her person. At that
moment a rustling was heard in the branches
of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had
repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of
warning, above her, flew away from her station
with a scream more piercing than ever. This
moment had the effect, for which it seemed
readily intended, of bringing back to her a por-
tion of the consciousness she seemed so totally
to have been deprived of before. She strove
to move from before the beautiful but terrible
presence, but for a while she strove in vain.—
The rich star-like glance still riveted her own,
and the subtle fascination still kept her bound.
The mental energies, however, with the mo-
ment of their greatest trial, now gathered sud-
denly to her aid, and with a desperate effort,
but with a feeling still of most annoying uncer-
tainty and dread, she succeeded, partially in the
attempt, and leaped backward against the nei-
ghoring tree, tottering, and depending
upon it for that support which her own limbs
almost entirely denied her. With her move-
ment, however, came the full development of
the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before
her. As her feet receded, though but for a
single pace, to the tree against which she now
rested the audible articulated ring, like that of
a watch when wound up with the verge broken,
announced the nature of that splendid, yet
dangerous presence, in the form of the mon-
strous rattlesnake, now but a few feet from her,
lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub,
with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its
own glorious hues had been associated.

She was conscious enough to discriminate
and to perceive, but terror had denied her the
strength necessary to fly from her dreadful en-
emy. There still the eye glared beautifully
bright and piercing upon her own; and, seem-
ing in a spirit of sport he slowly uncoiled
himself from his coil, then immediately, the
next moment, again gathered himself into its
muscular masses; the rattle still slightly ring-
ing at intervals, and giving forth the paralyzing
sound, which once heard, is remembered for-
ever. The reptile all this while appeared to
be conscious of, and to sport with, white seek-
ing to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat
head, disengaged mouth, and curving neck, would
it dart forward its long form towards her, its
fatal teeth uncoiling on either side of its jaws,
seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death;
while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that
fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright,
which, by paralyzing with a novel form of ter-
ror and of beauty, may readily account for the
spell it possesses of binding the feet of the tim-
id, and denying to the least even the privilege of
flight. Then the next moment, recovering
quickly, it would resume its folds, and with
aching neck, which now glittered like a car-
pet of brazen copper, and fixed eye, continue calm-
ly as it were to contemplate the victim of its

secreted venom, the pendulous rattle ringing
the death note as if to prepare the conscious
mind for the fate which is at hand—its vari-
ous folds were now complete—the coil forming
a series of knots; the muscles now and then,
rising rigidly into a hill, now corded down by
the pressure of another of its fold into a valley.
There suddenly uncoiling, in the general effort
to strike its enemy, give it that degree of
impetus which enables it to make its stroke as
fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as
when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply el-
evated and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment
upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of
the deadly reptile was about to cease. She
could not now mistake the fearful expression
of its eye. She strove to scream but her voice
died away in her throat. Her lips were seal-
ed; she sought to fly, but her limbs were pal-
lised; she had nothing left of life but its con-
sciousness, and in despair of escape, forced
from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk
down upon the grass before her enemy; her
eyes, however, still open and still looking upon
those which he directed forever upon them.—
She saw him approach—now advancing, now
receding—now swelling in every part with
something of anger, while his neck was arched
beautifully like that of a wild horse under the
curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play,
like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck
growing larger and becoming completely
bronzed when about to strike, the huge jaws
uncoiling almost directly above her, the long
tabulated fang, charged with venom, protrud-
ing from the cavernous mouth—and she saw
no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and
she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of
the monster. In that moment the corpse par-
eled, and an arrow, piercing him through and
through the neck, bore his head forward to the
ground, along side of the maiden, while his
spiral extremities, now uncoiling in his own ag-
ony, were actually, in part, resting on her per-
son. The arrow came from the fugitive Oc-
conestoga; who had fortunately reached the
spot, in season, on his way to the Block House.

He rushed from the copse as the snake fell,
and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him
where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing
him advance, the courageous reptile made an
effort to regain his coil, while slaking the fear-
ful rattle violently at every evolution he took
for that purpose; but the arrow, completely
passing through his neck, opposed an unyield-
ing obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it
hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to
assault him, with something of the spirit of the
white man under like circumstances, he turned
recklessly around, and striking his fangs, so that
they were riveted in the wound they made,
into a susceptible part of his own body, he
threw himself over upon his back with a sin-
gle convulsion, and a moment after lay dead
upon the person of the maiden.

From the Philadelphia Vade Mecum.

CITY POLICE SCENES.

Late on Monday night, Mr. Louis Blurt was
seen setting on a step in Chesnut street, as Fan-
ny says, "very how come you so indeed."—
A friend stood by, endeavoring, but in vain,
to persuade him to go home. His gentle re-
monstrances were unheeded. Mr. Blurt felt
his independence; he had taken enough to
despise all sorts of restraint, and to contemn
every interposition with the exercise of his free
will.

"It is very surprising," said he, "to observe
how very inattentive the guardians of the night
are; I've been looking about everywhere, and
not a Charley can I see to protect us in case of
a mishap."

"Not at all surprising, Mr. Blurt," replied
his friend; "for you couldn't see a hole in a
forty foot ladder—you can't look at all, and
your eyes are cracking and snapping like a
burnt boot. If you were to hang your nose
on a railing, and take a rest, you could look
straight at anything six feet off, and hit it.—
You are very, very ***** I'm ashamed of
you."

"You're very obliging, I'm sure; but I don't
want your shame—you may keep it yourself,
and make a flannel waistcoat out of it. But
where's the watch?—watch! watch!"

"Silenced what's the matter?" said the watch-
man, suddenly appearing.

"An I sharp's the word—never go to sleep
on duty."

"What do you want with the watch? Tell
me that I ask you."

"It's a secret, and I'll tell you some other
time. I'll step in when you're disengaged."

Blurt's friend here interposed, and with
some difficulty prevailed on the Charley to
suffer the daring trader with municipal dignity
to escape the legitimate consequences of his
rashness. The watch had not, however gone
far before Blurt again commenced his vocifer-
ations.

"I must insist on silence."

"Bravo, Charley on the spot! There's no
mistake about you. You're no cake, and I'll
remember you in my will—I will that."

"The fact is," said the Charley, taking up
the joke in his own way; "the fact is, you're
so obstipulous that I can't wait for your will."

I'll take your body now, and forgive you the
rest. My will must answer a present; and
that is that you shall go to the watch-house."

"Barley free! hands off, till I see if there's
any more of you stirring. Watch! watch!"

"Shut up!—silence!—button your lip!—
You want to impose on my good nature, Mr.
Thunderpump. You must go to quod."

"Very well, I'll go; but its merely to see
how you carry on the war at that celebrated
place, and to help you to hunt for your good
nature. I haven't seen a bit of it yet. Do you
put it off and on with your Sunday-go-to-meet-
ings, or how, Charley?"

"Quit a flinging skits at the law, Mr.—man
—what's your name?"

"You're right enough—that's it. My name
is Mr. Man, and my wife's name is Mrs. Wo-
man; and you, I presume, are Charley Rattle-
trap Quiz'emboob Lamplighter—Hay! old
thing-a-maree?"

"Don't trouble yourself about my name, for
you'll have to be able enough to answer to your
own, I'm thinking. You've got yourself into a
kettle of fish—you're done brown, dished, and
now I'll serve you up, for here's the watch-
house."

"Sweet! beautiful! quite a love of a place,
I do declare! It is here the gentlemen of the
rattle hang out, pursue their studies, and culti-
vate the graces. I'm not surprised at their
polished manners, and polite deportment."

"Will you walk up, or shall I carry you?"

"You're too kind; but its getting late, and
I'll not intrude. I'll call again, bring my work,
take off my things, and spend the evening with
you, very shortly. I'll not make myself a
stranger, now I've found the way. Day-day,
nuncle, till I see you again."

"No you don't, no how as you knows on.—
Up with you, right off the reel."

"Say nothing personal, Mr. Watch-call'em-
Reel! that's an insinuation. But no matter.
I really can't go up the stairs to-night—I've
got a cold, and you must excuse me."

The patience of the officer was now com-
pletely exhausted. He shouldered Mr. Blurt,
who roared and laughed as he was carried up
stairs, and appeared quite amused at the whole
transaction. His friend, who fading how mat-
ters must go, had stood aloof, now walked off
in search of bail. Mr. Blurt, after promising
reformation, was fined and released.

The Monthly Magazine for March, in its
Notes for the Month, after noticing some of
the wonders which are so constantly retailed in
the papers, and especially that of a drover,
who fell asleep at the side of a lime kiln, and
slept on while his leg was burnt off, and then
got up and asked the man by whom he was
roused from his slumbers, to assist in looking
for his shoe, gives the following fact, which is
equally credible.—A hypochondriac, who oc-
casionally took odd fancies, at last imagined
himself a tea-kettle, and sending the servant on
some sleeveless errand, took an opportunity, in
her absence, to seat himself on the kitchen fire,
where, on her return, she found him "singing."

He then cautioned her to be careful how she
took off his lid, lest she should be scalded by
the steam, and would not consent to her re-
moving it till she procured the kettle holder to
save her fingers from the heat of the handle.

He was at length rescued from his pleasant
position, and a surgeon was sent for, if possible,
to remedy the ill consequences of his vagary.

GETTING AT A SECRET.

There is a superstitious notion prevalent a-
mong the people in some of the Middle States,
that persons sleeping may be made to unfold
all the secrets of their breasts, by placing a cup
of barn, or yest, under their heads, when in
that state. The barn, it is supposed, works
upon them in the same manner as it does upon
beer, causing them to overflow at the mouth,
and to send off the spume and impurities where
with their breasts are overloaded. At any rate
under the operation of the barn, their sleep is
any thing but balmy. They toss and tumble,
and talk in their sleep, and their most precious
secrets are blurted out as if they were of no
more consequence than the froth of a barrel
of small beer.

Mrs. Dolderum, of Dolderumville, was a firm
believer in the efficacy of yest in working out
the secrets from the human bosom; and she
determined to get at those of her husband,
whom she suspected of having another charmer
besides herself. Accordingly, one summer's
day, when he lay down to take his afternoon
nap, she placed a yesty cup under his head,
and waited to see its operation.

Scarcely was her faithless spouse, as she
very believed him to be, fairly asleep, before
his arms began to toss, his lips to quiver, and
his eyes to roll under their closed lids.

"Ha!" muttered Mrs. Dolderum to herself,
"the east begins to work. The secret'll be
out presently. He'll open his mouth, and work
over like a beer barrel does. Hark! now it
comes. Now I shall know what nasty trollop
it is he is so thick with."

As Mrs. Dolderum calculated, sure enough,
out came the words: "She's a beauty—by
heavens she is!"

"Ah, it's just as I thought," said Mrs. Dol-
derum to herself: "he's got another woman in

his eye. 'A beauty' indeed! But I'll—"
She was interrupted by the voice of Mr.
Dolderum, who continued—"I must have her,
let it cost what it will."

"You must have her—must you!" said Mrs.
Dolderum, advancing her finger nails menac-
ingly towards him as he slept—"but I'll see
to that, you—"

Mr. Dolderum proceeded—"But what will
my wife say?"

"She'll say you're a vile, nasty, good for no-
thing man," said Mrs. Dolderum, who could
scarcely keep from falling upon her delinquent
husband, and clawing his eyes out as he slept.

"My wife is always making a fuss about no-
thing."

"She is, ha? But she'll let you know it's
something before you're much older, to leave
her and run after other nasty critters."

"But damn my wife!" exclaimed Mr. Dol-
derum, snapping his fingers as he slept; "I
don't care that for her, when I'm determined
upon a thing."

"You don't ha? But I'll let you know you
shall care for her, you—Oh, I'd tear
your eyes out this minute, if it wasn't that I
want to hear the name of the nasty jade first."

"Slender neck, broad chest, a mane and tail
that—"

"Very familiar, upon my word! Oh, the
vile hussy!"

"Just the right age for"—
"I'm too old, am I, then? Oh, you vile!"—
"I must have Black Maria, by the!"—
"Oh the ugly brute! Leave me for a black
woman. I'll tear his eyes out as he lies."

And thereupon Mrs. Dolderum fell upon her
sleeping husband, tooth and nail; and by the
time he was fairly awake, the blood was run-
ning down his face in streams.

"What—what—woman—what the devil are
you about?" said Mr. Dolderum, as soon as
he was fairly awake.

"I've found out your secret, you nasty, faith-
less, intolerable!"

"Holy! toity!" exclaimed Dolderum, in
great astonishment; "what's all this, what se-
cret are you talking about?"

"The woman," said Mrs. Dolderum, burst-
ing into tears.

"The woman! what woman?"

"Why, the b-b-black woman, you vile worth-
less thing, you. You pretend to make strange
of it. But I've found out your tricks. I got
at your secret when you was asleep. I put
the east under the bed, and you blabbed it all
out, you did."

"What all out?"

"About your leaving me, to run after Black
Maria, as you called her."

"Black Maria! Ha, ha, ha! Black Ma-
ha, ha, ha! Well, that's a good one, wife, I'll
be hanged if it isn't."

"It's quite a laughing subject, an't it, you
brute, you?"

"Did I talk in my sleep, wife?"

"Did you? yes, to be sure you did. You
told all about it—how you'd have her, let it
cost what it would. And you call'd her a beauty?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Shall I tell you what I was
dreaming about?"

"I know as well as you can tell me."

"Perhaps not. The secret is safe yet. But
you shall have it. I was dreaming of neighbor
Hancock's black mare."

"Black mare! Is that all?"

"That's all."

"But you called her a beauty, and said her
name was Maria."

"All that's true, whether I said so or not.—
She's a beauty of a mare, and her owner calls
her Black Maria."

"But why did you mention my name in
connexion with a mare?" said Mrs. Dolderum.

"Because Hancock asks a thousand dollars
for the creature, and I dreamt you'd scold like
thunder, if I laid out so much money upon one
horse."

"So I should, Mr. Dolderum, if you'd done
such a thing before this blow up. But I'm so
dreadful glad it's no worse—my heart is so
relieved of its terrible misgivings—that you
may buy twenty mares for what I care."

Hereupon Mrs. Dolderum wiped the blood
from her husband's face, threw away her cup
of yest, and gave her jealousy to the winds.

N. Y. Transcript.

There once lived in Charleston, a family
named Frog, and the father and mother car-
ried their infant to one of the churches to have
it baptized.

"What's the name of the child?" said the
minister, at the same time taking up a handful
of water, ready to pour upon the infant's face.

"In truth," replied the father, "we hav'n't
yet made up our minds on that particular,
and don't know what to call it."

"Oh," said the facetious Judge Burke, who
happened to be present, "sure there's your hon-
or, Judge Bull, is a very good friend of your's;
suppose, Dennis, you call him after the Judge?"

"With all my heart," replied the father; "be
it so."

And the clergyman instantly pouring the wa-
ter upon the child's face, and repeating the
name, the unconscious parents found their dar-
ling baby was neither more nor less than a
Bull Frog.

MORE DICTATION.

"We are much amused to hear the Van Buren party *denounce* the democracy of the new school, denouncing federalism, and endorsing the Baltimore Convention; particularly in the case of the State of Maine. These very consistent politicians, to a great facility in changing sides, and a wonderful share of modesty, and a ready adaptation to circumstances, that is truly astonishing; and would seem to indicate that they had, all their days, been accustomed to the same style of things. They really blend principle, interest, and convenience together, with as much facility as a druggist compounds soap and allows into nostrums, if they were compelled to swallow their own nostrums, they might go on with their business and no one would complain. But the people this way do not like such Van Buren patient medicine. It will not go down. We do not exactly see how the old Jefferson Democrats of Maine can swallow it.—We should suppose it would physic them to death. But habit is every thing."

[Washington Sun.] The Washington Journals of the opposition, the *Intelligencer*, *Telegraph*, and *Sun*, manifest a strong interest in the local politics of Maine. They see something in our condition so deplorable, in Federal estimation, as to move their liveliest sensibilities, and prompt the perpetual interposition of their kind offices. What alarms them most, however, is the obstinacy with which we cling to our long professed and highly cherished political principles.—We are so blind, that we can perceive nothing in the federal creed to love—so obtuse, that we can see little to believe—so obstinate, that we will not, in spite of our reason and affection, abandon our principles, and form a servile cohort in the allied army of the money opposition. These degraded organs of desperate and degraded masters, having exhausted all their tender remonstrances, now assume a more severe tone, and attempt to quicken into mischievous activity, angry feelings and local prejudices against the Democracy of Maine. It is a matter of perfect indifference to the Democracy of Maine in what manner they are attacked.—The mode, the weapons, the subject, and the occasion, are all left cheerfully with their assailants. They feel themselves shielded from all harm, at least from presses which are steeped to the very lips in profligacy and corruption, while they retain the position of *foes*. Honor and co-operation from such a quarter would be, indeed, alarming.

Even where all are contemptible, there may be some preference of one assailant over another, as a matter of taste. The *Telegraph* and *Intelligencer* have had some respectability in times past. Their censures or remonstrances, through an officious interference, might still have some dignity about them. "Better a dead lion than a living dog." The Democracy of Maine might certainly have been spared the infliction of any censure or notice from the *Sun*! Their ears ought not to have been wounded by the braying of that miserable animal, though it may seek to hide its deformity by the covering of a lion's skin. The *Telegraph* and *Intelligencer* ought not to have laid the burden on the shoulders of such a contemptible hireling. It is some gratification to the assaulted, to know whether his enemy be black or white, man or quadruped,—but to be assailed by a miserable creature which can be classed under no description of organized matter, living or dead, may well occasion surprise—if not alarm!

The three opposition Journals at Washington are linked together, and fill different departments in the same electioneering bureau. The *Telegraph* supervises the *Nullifier*, the *Intelligencer* the Federal corps of the allied army, while the *Sun* is but the purveyor that scours the country for forage or plunder—a sort of Hyena, that starts the game, but has no share in the banquet with its partners in the chase. After the allies shall have used and abused Judge White and his organ—they will offer both the Priest and the Idol on his own altar. Debauched from the rectitude of his principles, he will be left a standing monument of his own imbecility and of the Punic faith of his seducers!

This non-descript of the Federal menagerie, puffed up with the dignity of its new office, has called in question the intelligence and integrity of the Democracy of Maine. With all the ostentation of Federal benevolence it has kindly undertaken to manage their political affairs even to the selection of Legislative officers! That the "Democracy of Maine should denounce Federalism and endorse the Baltimore Convention," irritates his delicate nerves. That a *Federalist* should find in this a matter of regret or reproach, is natural enough. The Democracy of Maine may very well measure the rectitude of their principles by the hatred of the Federal party. What the *Sun* intended for censure, turns out a matter of compliment. Fidelity to the Democratic principles is an appropriate object of censure, with a press whose favorite candidate has acquired his entire prominence, by the destruction of his own friends and joining the Federal ranks! "Like master—like man." But the "People this way," [Washington], do not like such Van Buren patient medicines. Indeed! The Democracy of Maine must look to Washington—to the degraded presses of political traitors—must ask the Jesuit Gales—the Traitor Green—the "learned" *Sun*, what men they may elect to office—what political course they may adopt! A modest fellow, this! Judge White could not have selected a more appropriate organ. It will effect the purposes of Democracy in a way that ten thousand of their own ablest presses could not.

These very consistent politicians, to a great facility in changing sides, and a wonderful share of modesty, and a ready adaptation to circumstances, that is truly astonishing; and would seem to indicate that they had, all their days, been accustomed to the same style of things. The precious picture of political tergiversation, though intended to be very sure, has no more appropriate application than to the party, whose organ is the *Sun*. The little knot of disaffected politicians, who have brought Judge

White into the field—candidate and supporters—must have set for the picture. Their whole importance, slender as it is—has been engendered in political treason. By proving recreant to their principles, they have raised themselves, just above the level of obscurity. They have sought a prominence by a course in politics, which, in common life, would place them under the ban of civilized society. They have surrendered themselves, without reservation, to be the suppliant tools of their once Federal opponents, and to inflict a lasting wound on the principles they once labored to sustain. Incapable of reaching political ennoblement by the gradations of a laborious and faithful service, they are determined to rule or ruin. Too feeble to make a direct assault on the edifice of our Democratic institutions, they nibble and borrow at its base. They would undermine what they cannot overthrow. The organ of such a cabal of disappointed and reckless adventurers, now attempts to dictate the Democracy of Maine!

There has been certainly nothing in the past course to provoke such an insult, or encourage a dictator with the hope of success. They spurn all such interference, come when and where it may. The republican party in Maine are in the mass, the honest, industrious and enterprising cultivators of the soil. Under the smiles of Providence on their hardy industry, they have rendered themselves independent of all interference with their persons and property. Should the dictators at Washington be backed by the United States Bank, with another turn of the screws, they will laugh at its impotent malice, and set its threatened oppression at defiance. They may not have the *polite and exquisite accomplishments* of the "white glove and silk stocking" gentry—the servile imitators of the aristocracy of Europe—but they have, what to them, is of infinitely more importance, intelligence to understand their political rights and obligations, and the virtue and firmness to discharge them. Through evil report and through good report, they have remained immovably steadfast in their political principles. No threats can deter, no blandishments corrupt them. Independent and sovereign, so far as they have not voluntarily surrendered to the Union, according to their own principles, deliberately torn and steadily maintained, although it may not quite please for life—the menials of a monied power—the reckless band of political adventurers, who unite with any party, and adopt any means to obtain patronage and power.

The "Sun" is but a masked battery of the Federal party. It is but the slave of Mr. Calhoun. It is the puppet in the third degree, of a man who is more than suspected of moral treason to the Union. Dictate to the Democracy of Maine! Poor thing! It but acts over again the maniac King—who gave away empires, and dethroned monarchs, while he was himself in a strait jacket, and within the walls of an asylum for incurables. Mr. Calhoun, when it suits his purposes, can put an extinguisher at any moment on the beams of this "Sun," whose feeble rays can yet severely sting through the fog of his own atmosphere. It may ply for a while its appointed task of creating division and weakness in the republic; but the triumph of honesty, principle, and virtue, will consign the "Sun" and its idol—master and man, to obscurity, and quench the light of this baleful meteor in a darkness that may be felt!—[Eastern Argus.]

Congressional Elections. One hundred and seventy-three members have been elected to the next Congress. They are divided, politically as follows: Democratic 111—opposition 62. Democratic majority in the same district was two, showing a net gain to the administration of 47 votes. This is the result of the panic "revolution!"—[The Age.]

BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

To-morrow is the day for the assembling of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, to be supported at the election which is to take place in November, 1836. From the proceedings of the Democratic party in the several States of the Union, accounts of which have from time to time reached us through the medium of the press, we have but little doubt that nearly, if not quite, every State in the Union will be fully and ably represented.

We are also induced to believe that Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN will be nominated for President, at the first balloting, by an almost unanimous vote. As regards V. President more diversity of opinion we presume will exist among the members of the Convention. Mr. Benton having declined being a candidate we think the two individuals likely to receive the greatest number of votes in the Convention are Hon. R. M. JOHNSON of Kentucky, and Hon. W. C. RIVES of Virginia; and we are inclined to the opinion that Col. Johnson will be the candidate selected by the Convention. Much as we respect the talents and honor the political virtues of Mr. Rives, we should be for more pleasure to see him restored to his former seat in the United States Senate—an event, which the recent election in Virginia renders far from improbable may soon take place—than to see him occupying any other public station whatever. Until he is so restored the Democratic triumph in Virginia cannot be complete. That seat is now occupied by one who was placed there in direct violation of some of the leading principles of Virginia Democracy, and the wound which has been inflicted upon the political integrity of Virginia,

can in no other way be fully healed, but by the present incumbent vacating his seat in obedience to the voice of the People, and Mr. Rives restored by a triumphant vote of the Legislative authority. This would be a far greater triumph for this distinguished son of the Ancient Domain, than to be elected to the Vice Presidency by the unanimous voice of the Democracy of the Nation. The doings of the Convention however will be soon known and we shall take the earliest opportunity to lay their proceedings before our readers.

Dover Gazette.

MR. WEBSTER'S POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.—We want to go into the next Presidential canvass understandingly—and to commence, we want to know precisely upon what grounds Mr. Webster's friends found his claims to support. Stripped of the verbiage of fulsome eulogy, we should like to have his political character set before the public, in its true light by some one of those ardent friends who so clamorously urge his election to the Presidency. Are we to look for his principles in the early productions of his pen, written at a time when it was not considered altogether impolitic to profess the doctrines of ultra-federalism? or are we to overlook his "youthful indiscretions," & come at once to the productions of his riper years? Shall we go to his pamphlet upon the Embargo, or turn to his speeches in Congress during the last war? Shall we cite his denunciation of the last war? Shall we cite his denunciation of the last war—his taunts upon the "rash councils" which declared it, and the "feeble execution" with which it was carried on? Shall we search the arguments he adduced to prove that opposition to that war was both "constitutional and legal?"—the encouragement he held out to the allies of the British government to "walk fearlessly" to "the limit of constitutional opposition?" We must confess that from all these sources we gain nothing to recommend Mr. Webster to the American people.—Where then shall we look? Shall we take it for granted that his political principles are in unison with those of the individuals who have brought him forward for the Presidency? If so, let us inquire if his leading and confidential editor did not once profess a willingness to "live and die in the faith of the Hartford Convention?"—and if another political ally of his, and a member of that Convention, has not publicly declared, that never, until he joined the society of the just made perfect did he expect to find so pure and patriotic a body of men. If in these facts, or in any others which stand recorded in the political history of the country, there exists any circumstance tending to prove Daniel Webster a fit man to preside over the destinies of a free people, we must confess that we cannot discover them.—If his friends can, let them be brought forward and we promise to give them the consideration they merit.—Post.

From the Boston Statesman.

Reminiscences.—The Bunker Hill Aurora, the other day, spoke of what it called "the characteristic meanness of the Post." With the Editors of the Aurora we have long been acquainted; with one of them we were a junior, and the other, a senior, fellow apprentice.—We appeal to our senior quondam companion, if his knowledge of us will warrant the application he has made of the words quoted from the Aurora? Were we ever untruthful or "mean?" during the long period of our association with him in the days of apprenticeship? When the sourcider was put upon the table, and the boys voted that we should turn the cock of the barrel upon upon the cellar floor, did we not do it? When we all joined and threw a keg of strong butter into the Merrimack, did not his old friend who now appeals to his kind recollections, lift his portion of the "rank matter?" Did we ever quarrel about who should enjoy the odd twenty-five feather, which formed the bed where both of our bones rested? Did we ever haul the ladder up, after we had ascended to our sky parlour, to prevent his following whenever he pleased? Did we not comply with his request when he asked us not to gape standing, because the lowness of the roof would not admit of opening the mouth without knocking the shingles from it by the raising of the skull? When the "old man" threatened to "turn us away" unless we would tell him how we passed under the window, did we "let on?" And did we not, rather than "preach," leave our place, seek, and obtain another? Where we ever "mean" or treacherous in any of those scrapes, old friend? We know you will answer in the negative—and then how can you, when you remember the cider, the butter, the odd feather, the garret ladder, and the water poured from the office window, and think how we always "walked up to the chalk," accuse us of "meanness?"

You have injured our feelings deeply, neighbor, but, although Chateaubriand says that "the human heart is like that tree which yields not its balsam to heal the wounds of others, until itself is wounded," we had rather suffer than afflict you.

A good Joke. Some of our readers have doubtless noticed a paragraph going the rounds of the federal newspapers about numerous counterfeiters of half dollars, ten cent pieces, &c. composed of "tin glass lead," and "very difficult to detect." The sequel will show why there was so much difficulty in detecting them! The editor of the Hartford (Con.) Review had been much in the habit of inveighing against a specie currency, as more easily and effectually counterfeited than rags. A wag in

New York employed an individual to communicate to this editor that the city and neighborhood was filled with spurious coin of the denominations above mentioned, and forwarded him a specimen of the half dollars which was recognized at once as false, forged and counterfeit. The bait took admirably. Sapiens editor came out in his next paper with the following:

"Counterfeit Coin. We are informed that large quantities of counterfeit half dollars and ten cent pieces are in circulation in this city and vicinity. They are imitations of American coins and very difficult to detect.—It is said they are a compound of tin, glass and lead, and are equal in sound and weight with the genuine. Our informant says they are supposed to be Canadian manufacture and well got up to deceive the best judges. The public ought to be on their guard against imitations of this kind, as coins are more easily imitated than bank notes and less liable to detection."

It is almost needless to say that the specimen furnished the editor for examination was a genuine half dollar fresh from the mint!

From the Eastern Argus.

PROVISION FOR THE BLIND. We call the attention of our readers and of the public generally to the subject of "additional resolve relating to the blind." We hope all interested in the objects of this provision, will avail themselves of this beneficent arrangement, and remove, so far as human skill and a judicious, and now highly improved system of education can remove, an affliction that debars them from many of the enjoyments of life.—Within a few years past, the benevolence so characteristic of our times, has been directed to this subject. Every method of alleviation or cure has been rigidly investigated. The resources of medical skill have been put in requisition to restore to society and its useful employments and pleasure, such as were laboring under the distressing malady of blindness.—The applicants, under the direction of the Governor and Council, are to submit their case to some skillful surgeon, and if it is thought sight can be restored by medical treatment or surgical operation, and the patients or parents or guardians are desirous of resorting to such means of cure, the Governor and Council being apprised of the fact by satisfactory evidence, the necessary charges for such treatment and incidental expenses will be defrayed from the sum set apart by the resolve for this purpose. The other provision relates to the education at the New England Asylum at Boston, of those whose names have been returned to the office of the Secretary of State, agreeably to the resolve of March 11th, 1831, or such part of them as the Governor and Council may adopt.

The education of the blind has been brought to a high degree of perfection. The avenues of knowledge, by which the loss of this single sense, were almost entirely closed to them, are now, in a great degree, unobstructed. The other senses have been brought to act so successfully in their unfortunate fellow, that the sources of intellectual and moral improvement derived from reading, can no longer be said to entirely beyond the reach of the blind. Besides the instructions of the kind alluded to, various useful branches of industry are taught that relieve this unfortunate class from much of the pain of dependence on relatives or society for the necessities or comforts of life. Indeed, such has been the progress in this system of education, that it has already furnished results of the most astonishing character. Whatever may be the fact, in some cases, in our ordinary system of education the instruction of the blind in the New England Asylum, as an experiment, has been entirely successful, and is under a most prudent and scientific management. To those who have witnessed the exhibitions of the pupils of the Asylum, any recommendation would be superfluous. The peculiarity in the constitution of the blind—the delicate susceptibility of the other senses to their appropriate impressions, has been seized on, and so improved and educated as almost to supply the deficiency of the absent sense.

By several ingenious expedients, based on this peculiarity the common branches of education are taught, such as Geography, a system of Arithmetical calculations, Music, and whatever may be learned from books not strictly connected with the objects of vision. The attention paid to the inmates is kind, devoted, & indulgent. Ample provision is made for the general health. The best medical and surgical aid is at hand, and every arrangement is adopted with studious reference to the convenience, comfort and happiness of the inmates.

We are sure that no inducements can be offered to the blind to embrace the provisions of this resolve, which are not suggested and enforced, in a most painfully impressive manner, by the malady itself. The government of the State has evinced a laudable desire to minister to the wants of the unfortunate subjects of insanity and blindness. By the aid of individual wealth which has already been generously contributed, the most ample provision will soon be made. And these natural calamities, incident alike to all, be subjected to the most scientific and judicious expedients of prevention or cure.

State of Maine.

AN additional Resolve relating to the Blind. RESOLVED, That a sum not exceeding Four Thousand Dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated out of the Treasury of this State, to be expended by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council, in their discretion, in defraying, in whole or in part, the expense of placing and educating at the New England Asylum for the education of

the Blind in Boston, those indigent blind persons in this State, whose names have been returned to the Office of the Secretary of State, agreeably to a Resolve passed March 11th, 1834, or such part of them, as the Governor and Council may deem proper to select as the most fit subjects for said Institution. *Provided, however,* That prior to the placing of any such blind persons at said Institution, the Governor shall cause them to be examined by some skillful Surgeon or Surgeons, and if in the opinion of said Surgeon or Surgeons, such persons can be restored to sight by Medical treatment or Surgical operation, and if they, or their parents or guardians shall be desirous that such treatment or operation should be so applied, and satisfactory evidence be made known to the Governor and Council, they may apply a part of said sum as herein provided, to defray the necessary charges for such Medical treatment or Surgical operations; and such other incidental expenses arising therefrom as they may think proper.

In the House of Representatives, March 24, 1835, Read and Passed.

JONA. CILLEY, Speaker.
In Senate, March 24, 1835, Read & Passed.
JOSHUA PIERCE, President.
March 25, 1835.—Approved.
ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

For the purpose of making the examinations contemplated by the preceding Resolve, "skillful Surgeons" will be in attendance, at this place, on Tuesday, the 23d day of June next—and all persons who are desirous of availing themselves of the bounty of the State, as therein provided, are requested to meet at Stevens' Hotel on that day, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.
By order of the Executive.
KOSCOE G. GREENE,
Secretary of State.

Augusta, May 15th, 1835.
Printers of Newspapers who publish the Laws of the State, are requested to give the preceding notice and Resolve three Weekly insertions.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 26, 1835.

The Democratic Republicans of the town of Paris are requested to meet at the Court House on Saturday the sixth day of June next, at six o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of choosing Delegates to attend the County Convention to be held on the 10th of June.
Paris, May 25, 1835.

The Supreme Judicial Court adjourned early on Saturday morning. The two first days of the Term were consumed in the argument of law questions. The charge to the Grand Jury by Chief Justice Weston was able and eloquent. His allusion to the late chief Justice was peculiarly appropriate and honorable to both parties. We noticed that the late Judge Mellen was engaged as counsel in several cases, and appears hale, active, and vigorous, with apparently many years of honorable usefulness before him. With faculties unimpaired, and a person which time appears to have passed lightly over him brings to his practice at the bar, the accumulated learning and experience of a long and industrious life.

After the law questions were disposed of, the Chief Justice remained for the purpose of hearing the Jury trials, and the time of the Court was fully occupied with criminal cases. We regret that so many indictments should be found for offences in this county, and for those of so aggravated a character.

The first case was that of Dorcas Lucas of Turner, who was indicted for burning the house (then unoccupied) of William Chase. Verdict: guilty. Sentence, one year's confinement to hard labor in the State Prison. Joseph C. Rich was tried on an indictment containing three counts, one for having counterfeit half dollars with an intent to pass them, another count charged him with having ten or more such pieces with a similar intent, and a third was for assisting in counterfeiting. He was found guilty, generally. Exceptions were taken by his counsel and judgment will of course be delayed until next May. He is ordered to recognize in the meantime in the sum of one thousand dollars. The counterfeiting was committed at Mexico, in this county, and there are two indictments still pending against other individuals supposed to have belonged to the company. Both these were continued, one for want of time to try the case, and in the other the defendant did not appear, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued against his bail. As this is only \$200, he is not expected to appear. Much praise is due to Mr. Lombard of Hallowell for his zeal and industry in breaking up this nest of counterfeiters who had just commenced their operations, and for bringing the offenders to justice. The undertaking has been attended with much labor and some risk.

The third case, and the last one tried was that of Small who was indicted as accessory to Samuel King who was convicted last fall of burglary, of breaking and entering a house in Fryeburg in 1829, and stealing therefrom money and drafts to the amount of over \$1000. In this case the Jury did not agree and were discharged, and the defendant ordered to recognize in the sum of \$1000.

There were but few entries of civil actions and those necessarily continued, as a Term of the Court is held this week at Wiscasset.

FRANCE. We have received no later news from France since our last. The prevailing opinion there at the last advices was that our claim would be allowed, & the indemnity voted.

ENGLAND. The unsettled state of affairs in England at the last accounts renders us anxious to hear the course that things have taken. Though free principles triumphed in the late contest in Parliament, yet some fears are entertained that the majority were not strong enough to administer affairs successfully, with the opposition in the House of Commons, which is a strong one, and the decided majority against them in the House of Lords.—The people may yet be called upon to evince their settled determination to be heard and regarded in the administration of affairs.

The opposition here are delighted with the speeches of those members in the French Chambers who are opposed to the payment of our claims. Whoever will abuse our country or its government they claim as their friends. Such is whig patriotism.

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LATEST FROM FRANCE.

By the ship *Citizen* the Journal of Commerce on Monday last received Paris papers to April 11th, Havre to the 12th and a letter dated at Havre the 13th. They bring nothing decisive in relation to the American Claims. The bill of indemnity was under discussion on the 10th inst. Mr. Bignon moved an amendment thereto, appropriating 12,000,000 francs towards the payment of our claims, leaving the remaining 13,000,000 francs for further negotiations.

The letter above mentioned has the following: "I had an interview with the editor of the *Havre* paper this morning, he says the impression is, that the bill for granting the five million dollars will pass the Deputies by a majority of 50, notwithstanding the amendment proposed by Mr. Bignon to vote twelve million of francs and to negotiate for the rest."

Admiral de Rigny was confined to his room by indisposition. Generals Soublette and O'Leary had arrived at Madrid from the Republics of Venezuela and New Grenada, to negotiate for the acknowledgement of South American Independence by Spain. They appear to have been kindly received.

There has been a disturbance in Malaga; but it terminated without detriment to the Queen's authority.

Paris, April 11th.—Yesterday evening at 5 o'clock, a telegraphic despatch was received announcing the safe delivery of the Queen of the Belgians of a prince, and that she was doing well.

The United States frigate *Constitution*, 44 guns, Com. Elliot, arrived yesterday at Havre from N. York, in 14 days. Com. Elliot came up to the American Legation this morning with dispatches for the Minister, and the frigate lies off Havre, waiting his directions for her future destination.

An Honest Confession. The Vermont Courier, a leading Whig paper published at Woodstock, holds forth the following language:

"The Windsor Statesman calls us an avowed friend of a monarchical government. It is not only very questionable with us, but with some of the most enlightened men in the country, whether a limited monarchy, such as could be digested and established under the light and intelligence of the present age, would not secure to the entire community life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in a greater degree than the government as now existing and operating in this country."—*The Age*.

From the Saco Democrat.

The result of the recent elections in Virginia have carried dismay and defeat home to the consciences of the Whigs. They are truly suffering from and effects of panic, caused by the appearance of the people at the polls. "Alarmed and distressed," they know not where to hide. Occasionally, one more bold or foolish than the general average, cries out in the words that all is not lost—that they can yet hope for better things. The fool hardy Editor of the *Boston Commercial*, whose commercial political principles are notorious, and so low as not to be worth even a Whig bid—attempts to console himself and friends by declaring that he looks for a different state of things a year or two hence, when the question to be decided at the polls, will be—White or Van Buren. But this weather cock—turn as he may and will ere that time—find Old Virginia not a different State, but the same State in the 'state' that she now is—true to democratic usages and principles—true to herself—the worthy birthplace of Thomas Jefferson. The Richmond Whig, which may chance to know as much of the present and future state of Virginia politics as the prospective Commercial, says—"The Van Buren (that is Democratic) party have the destiny of old Virginia in their hands."

The Whigs are making exceeding merry, hallooing themselves hoarse at their recent great triumph in electing a U. S. Senator in Rhode Island, Nehemiah R. Knight, whom the people refused to elect Governor. Well the Whigs, crest fallen as they are, need this crumb of comfort. Mr. Webster's warning prospects has rendered their file of leaders almost desperate.

The party was in the last stages of miserable existence—divided, distracted and quarrelsome. The candle will by this feeding flare up again before being finally extinguished. The party did not in accordance with the hopes and demands of the Massachusetts Whigs, elect Tristram Burgess—a brother *Godlike* of Daniel Webster, and before whom Benton, Shepley, Hill and Wright were become dumb with fright and admiration.—*Saco Dem.*

CONNECTICUT.

The Legislature of this State assembled at Hartford, on Wednesday the 6th inst. Mr. Ingraham of Saybrook, was elected Speaker of the House. The annual message of Governor Edwards was communicated on Thursday. He recommends the suppression of small bank bills—reform in the militia system, through the U. S. authorities—a geological and mineralogical survey of the State—and an amendment of the laws regulating elections. On Friday a resolution was introduced instructing their Senators in Congress to vote in favor of expunging the resolutions of censure upon the President, and it will undoubtedly pass.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Legislature met on the same day, and after considerable examination and discussion, the following was declared to be the result of the late election. Francis (democrat) majority for Governor, 102—Eng's (whig) for Lt.

Governor 19—four whig Senators elected by majorities of 26, 17, 7 and 198—two democrats, by majorities of 11 and 4. As the whigs had 37 to the democrats 35 representatives, the choice of a federal Senator to Congress was settled in their favor.

On Wednesday last, the Legislature went into grand committee for that purpose and re-elected Nehemiah R. Knight, (fed.) Senator to Congress, by a majority of 3 votes over E. R. Potter. Knight received 41, and Potter 35 votes. It seems that the old apostle of federalism, Tristram Burgess, could not be chosen, and was abandoned.—*N. H. Patriot*.

Illinois. The Delegates to the Baltimore Convention from Illinois, being unable to attend met in that State threw their votes, as directed by their constituents, for Martin Van Buren, President, and Richard M. Johnson, Vice President, which votes have been sealed up and forwarded to the President of the Convention. A letter, published in the *Globe*, says "The Democracy of Illinois, will present an undivided front in favor of Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson or for the nomination made at Baltimore."

The Age.

ALBANY. Some of the federal presses are shouting lustily at the result of the recent charter election in this city. Nine republican and ten federal members of the Common Council were chosen, and there was one tie. Three republican and two federal supervisors were elected. The aggregate federal majority in this city is 52; but as the Mayor and Recorder are both members of the Board and republicans, the city government is in the hands of the democrats. To show what cause the federal wigs have for exultation, it is only necessary to remember that last Spring their aggregate majority was 486, and last Fall 209.—One more such victory and the city will be completely rescued from the reproach of federal preponderance.—*N. H. Pat.*

We are often asked whether Judge White's organ, the Sun, is in favor of, or opposed to, the U. S. Bank. This is a question we cannot answer, for the Sun has never yet emitted any light on that subject. It is non-committal—as it has not yet ascertained whether the Bank can bring any capital to Judge White's aid or not. The Bank must carry Mr. Webster on one shoulder, but White is yet in doubt whether he should get on the other, or hobble along after as its secret friend. Whether White runs as Bank candidate at the South or non-committal, it is all one with the democracy.—He seems to have chosen the aid of the federalists, and to them he must look for support.—"Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."—[*N. H. Patriot*].

The Flour Market.—The New York Journal of Commerce states that the flour and grain market have been for some days in a state of excitement, and that flour ran up so suddenly from \$5 to \$7, that some of the eastern Captains having purchased at the lowest price, after having loaded, or partially so, sold out at the advance, and went home in ballast. These movements allayed the feverish state of the market, and consequently large quantities hourly arriving in canal and tow boats are stored or piled upon the pier heads, and while the nominal price of \$7 is talked about probably purchases may be made at \$6.50, or even less. *Boston Gazette*.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce sets down the next Senate as equally divided—24 Democrats and 24 Opposition. "We make then," says the editor, "with the casting vote of the Vice President, (and possibly without), a bare majority of Jackson men in the Senate; and it will probably be increased by the instructions that will be given to the Senators from Virginia by the Legislature of that State—from which will result either a resignation or a conformity to the instructions. The views of the people of Virginia are such in regard to the doctrine of instruction, that one or the other of these alternatives will be unavoidable."—*The Age*.

Freshet. The late rains have raised an abundant freshet in our river, and our lumbermen have taken advantage of it to bring their logs to market. There will be no lack of lumber here this season.

We regret to learn that the enterprising proprietors of the Penobscot Mill Dam have suffered a great loss, by reason of the rapid rise of the river. Yesterday (Monday) morning a large portion of the Dam was carried away—which will render their mills entirely useless for some length of time. All the main Dam from the shore. Three men are ascertained to have been drowned at the Corporation—their names we have not learned. [Penob. Freeman].

The Eastern Republican has heard the loss estimated at \$20,000.

When the elections first came off in Virginia the coalition organs gave up that all was lost—that the State had not only gone for Jackson, but also for Van Buren. This was perfectly natural. They had contested the election wholly on the ground of Van Buren and anti-Van Buren, and they were completely defeated! Astounded and desperate at the result, they forgot the effect which telling the truth would produce elsewhere, and plainly set down the length and breadth of the democratic triumph. But some remonstrance from abroad, or some reviving hopes soon brought these editors round on the old tack of falsehood and mis-

representation. Forthwith it is proclaimed that Van Burenism has not triumphed, that many of the Democrats elected are in favor of White, and that the "Anglican" has in reality gained a defeat! In order to make some show of truth, with the utmost recklessness they seize upon staunch friends of the administration, and proclaim them to be *White Wigs*. The trick, bare as it is, takes for a time. The falsehood runs swiftly forward while truth hobbles slowly after it. J. H. M. Beale, re-elected to Congress, was set down as a White Wig. He published the following in reply, and such have been or will be the replies of all the Democrats whom the coalition are trying to inveigle into their ranks under White colours:—*Age*.

From the Woodstock (Vt.) Sentinel.

May 4th, 1835.
Mr. Editor.—The Richmond Whig of late date contains a letter, written at Harrisonburg, which in giving an account of the result of the election there, and other matters, says, that I declared in favor of Judge White for the Presidency. This I think proper to deny. Ever since Judge White and his friends refused to submit his pretensions to the decision of a convention of the friends of the present administration, and evinced a willingness to divide the party with whom he formerly acted, and to throw the main chance of his election upon the support of our political adversaries, I have thought it my duty, and have repeatedly declared it in public, (without intending any disrespect for Judge White, for whom I entertain a favorable opinion,) to sustain the candidate who may be brought out by the concerted efforts of the democratic party. If Mr. Van Buren is that man, I will support him, not only as a matter of policy, but now as a matter of choice, between those who have been spoken of for the Presidency.

Yours respectfully,
J. M. H. BEALE.

A Rare Lad. There is a man named Porter, now living in Portland, near this place, who is 7 feet 3 inches 3-4 high. At the age of 18 he was a small boy. He is now about 21, and is not yet grown. He followed his trade (that of a cooper) until he became too tall to reach a hogsheld, when standing erect, or until his hands became too large to pass through the smaller kegs. At this rate he may be one day obliged to kneel down to get a peep into a martin box.—[*Louisville Jour.*]

MARRIED.

In Bethel, on the 14th inst. by Asa Kimball Esq. of Gilead, Mr. Tilton Bennett of Gilead to Miss Abiah Bean of Bethel.
In Leeds, Mr. George Harrod to Miss Jedidiah Foss.
In Topsham, Mr. Rufus Patten to Miss Susan Merrill.
In Dixmont, Mr. Gorham L. Boynton of Bangor, to Miss Louisa M. Bassford.

DIED.

In Leeds, Mrs. F. George, wife of Mr. Francis George.
In Nobleboro, very suddenly, Mr. John Jones, aged 59.

S. CROCKETT, & Co.
HAY on hand a prime lot of stout Portland Sheetings, Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Linen and Cotton Drillings, cotton Flannel and Tickings. May 18.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers wish to inform their friends and the public, that they shall have in operation in a few days, near Washington's Mills, so called, in Paris, a good CARDING MACHINE, with a new set of Cards, where wool will be carded at a fair price, with neatness and despatch, and all damages will be paid if the wool is brought in good order.
Wool will be received in payment at a fair price, and prompt attention will be paid to said Machine.
H. G. RUSS,
E. DRAKE,
Paris, May 22, 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:
TAKEN on execution (the same having been attached on the original writ) and will be sold at Public Auction on Wednesday the first day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling house of Joseph Storers in Weld, in said county all the estate, right title and interest which "Thos. Childs" has by virtue of a contract in writing from Francis Butler Esq. of Farmington, in the county of Kennebec, to a conveyance of the following described real estate, it being the same farm on which said Childs now lives in said Weld, and bounded as follows, to wit: bounded east on the road leading from Ely's corner, so called, to Berlin, North on land owned by John McLaughlin, West on land owned by Stephen Webster, and South on the road leading from said Ely's corner to the pond settlement, so called, in said Weld.
Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale. ASA T. TALBOT, Deft. Sh'r. Weld, May 13th, 1835.

New Establishment.

THE Subscribers have purchased the entire Stock in the Store recently occupied by Thomas Crockett, Esq. on Paris Hill, and have entered into Partnership under the firm of

S. CROCKETT & CO.
They have on hand and will continue to keep a full and extensive assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS, which they will sell on as good Terms as can be purchased in this or any other place in the vicinity.
They will be happy to wait with promptitude and facility on all those who may favor them with a call.
SEWARD CROCKETT,
GODFREY G. WATERHOUSE.
Paris, April 27, 1835.

JOEL C. VIRGIN,
PRACTITIONER AT LAW,
Bethel, Maine.
References, PETER C. VIRGIN, Rumford.
STEPHEN CHASE, Fryeburg.
NICHOLAS EMERY, Portland.

SHOES.

A new lot of Lady's Kid and Morocco SHOES, by May 15, 1835. S. CROCKETT, & Co.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident proprietors and owners of land in Fryeburg in the County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the Bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector of said Fryeburg for the year 1834, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Names of Owners	No. of Acres.	No. of Ditch.	No. of Lods.	Value.	Tax.
Richard Russell, supposed owner of 1 Saw Mill,	500	4		\$ 1,000	41
R. Russell, r't of Wm. Eaton,	200	1	31	200	1,76
Unk. r't of John Chandler, Jr.	300	2	22	300	2,64
" " of Moses Day,	150	1	39	150	1,32
" " of Abel Chandler,	4	140	18	4	550 4,25
" " A. McMillan,	11	100	20	100	200 1,76
" " John Evans,	5	150	1	150	1,32
" " David Evans,	1	24		200	1,76
" " Ezekiel Walker, part of a lot near Charles's pond,	3			30	26
Heirs of Beza Tucker supposed owners, r't of A. McMillan,	5			50	5,29
" " of Benj. Russell, part of " " Pine Plain,	26			6	120 1,04
Job C. Lord supposed owner, Right of Moses Day,	23	70		480	4,22
Unk. r't of Ezekiel Walker,	27			15	45 39
Unk. r't of John Chandler, r't of Evan's pine plain,	7			7	21 18
" " r't of Joseph Frye,	53	4		150	1,32
James Lord sup'd o'r, Oreland,	11-2			80	70
Unk. r't of Ezekiel Walker, 1-4	4			125	1,10
" " of H. Weston, part of " " Moses Day,	30			90	75
" " of Benj. Barker,	43			63	140 1,76
" " John Stark,	60			40	450 3,90
Smith & Dodge sup'd owners, R't of Mark Stacy,	22	3	108	324	2,85
Unk. r't of John Evans, upland, 1	40			100	100 88
" " of Benj. Russell, N.E. side 6	27			270	270 1,32
" " A. McMillan,	9			150	1,32
" " John Chandler, S. part 19	17			221	1,94
A lot adjoining the Moses Ames lot and lot No. 41, laid to the right of David Page, and adjoining Lovell's Pond and a lot formerly owned by John Evans				100	1,16
Unk. House & lot formerly owned by Moses Patten,				900	7,90
James Thomas, supposed owner, lot near Wm. Haley's				40	120 1,05
Unk. r't of S. Farrington,	5			50	50 4,21
Ivory H. Pike supposed owner, House and lot near Kinball brook bridge,	39			15	60 52
Unk. r't of James Hazletine, Lot laid out on upper corner river to complete the rights of Moses Day,	35			35	105 92
Robert Gibson, supposed owner, 7-1 of a house, barn, and land,				280	2,40
Unk. right of Ezra Coster,	1	4	92	460	4,04
" " of E. Colby,	60	5		150	1,05
" " of David Page, part of Lewis land and buildings,	51	41	25	200	1,76
Unk. r't of Moses Ames,	40			100	88
" " of Oliver Peabody,	3			30	100
" " of Samuel Ingalls,	22	3	180	150	1,52
" " Lot formerly owned by Leighton Johnson, David Webster, supposed owner, (School District tax) Store and lot at the corner,	6			26	520 2,21
r't of Joseph Frye,	4			19	205 71
" " John Chandler,	8			47	200 55 68
" " John Webster,	8			35	104 29
Unk. r't of Samuel Osgood adjoining the Mill farm,	3			62	187 52
Unk. r't of Moses Ames adjoining the above,	3			3	88 364 73
Unk. Minister right, do,	10			49	1
" " r't of Philip Eastman,	49	1		41	132 35
" " of Moses Ames,	4	2		40	120 33
" " David Page,	3	2		41	123 33
" " John Evans,	1	2		41	123 33
" " Samuel Osgood,	2	2		42	130 34
" " Abraham Bradley,	6	2		50	130 34
" " Benj. Russell,	5	2		41	123 32
" " Stephen Farrington,	4	3		36	108 30
" " John Webster,	12	5		36	30 25
" " John Evans,	1	1		22	60 22
" " John Charles,	4	5		40	80 32
" " Moses Ames,	5	5		40	80 32
" " James Clement,	10	5	35	105	30 21
And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges, are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before TUESDAY the first day of September next, so much of said land as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the tavern of Samuel Southier, in said Fryeburg, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.					
BENJ. WYMAN, Collector of Fryeburg for 1834.					
Fryeburg, May 20, 1835.					

BENJ. WYMAN, Collector of Fryeburg for 1834. Fryeburg, May 20, 1835.

Lady's Fancy Hdks.
SEWING SILK, RAW SILK, and CHAPE HDKS., for sale by S. CROCKETT, & Co. Paris, May 16, 1835.

GEORGE H. KENDALL
No. 26, Middle Street, Portland,
OPPOSITE THE FOOT OF FREE STREET.

IS now opening 40 packages of English, French, and American DRY GOODS: among which are Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, satinettes, Vestings, Linens, Blue and Long Wines, Book and Swiss Muslins, Satin, corded, figured, and checked Cambrics, plain white do. Dimities, 4, 5 and 6-4 Net Laces, Insertions, Edgings, Quillings, Bombazines, Italian Gravats, Silk lancy do. Choppas, Bandannas, Spitalfield and Ongore white do. Ladies lancy do. Danmak Napkins, 6, 7, 8-4 Danmak Cloths, 5, 6, 7, 8-4 Hand Cloths, 6, 7, 8-4 figured do. double Danmaks, Russia Diapers, Crash, Flannels, Calibres, Spool Cottons, Bonnet Cambrics, cold do. Italian Sewings, Cotton Fringes, Marine and Thibet Shawls, Silk and Sewing Silk do. Tickings, Drillings, Ginghams, Checks, bleached and brown Sheetings and Shirtings, rich London twill'd, Merino twill'd light London, Velvet (a new style), Shally and American Fringes, Indigo Blue and Mourning do. white, black & colored Cotton and Linen Thread, Buttons, Pins, Tapes, Braids, Padding, Canvass, Dowls, Silences, brown and black Linen, Moreans.

SILKS.
Gros de Silves, Poux de Soix, twill'd Satin Levantines, black, blue black and colored.
GRO DE NAPES.
Synchaws, Saranetta, colored Florences, White Satins, and a great variety of figured Silks.
RHIBBONS.
Satin, Lustrings, Gauze, Cap and Bonnet Ribbons, of a rich and new style.
All of which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit.
March 9, 1835.

Farms For Sale.
On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Intervale with out-lands—or fifty acres of Intervale with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL, Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

For Sale

D. R. DEXTER'S Vegetable Restorative ELIXIR, by S. CROCKETT, & Co. May 14.

Woollen Cloth MANUFACTORY

AT GRAY, ME.

THOMAS WILSON, & Co. respectfully inform the public that they continue to carry on the Manufacturing of Woollen Cloths at Gray. They have spared no pains or expense to repair their Mill, and will have new and the most improved machinery, and first rate workmen, and will manufacture from the raw material the following, viz:—
Cassimeres at 45 to 60 cts. per yard according to quality
Satinette at \$3 to 37 1-2 cts. " "
Cont'n full's cloth 33 to 37 1-2 cts. " "
" waled " 37 1-2 to 40 cts. " "
Blanketing over 2 yds wide 37 1-2 to 40 cts. " "
Flannel 1 yard wide white 17 cts. " "
" 1 " colored 25 cts. " "
" 1 " " 25 cts. " "
Cloth Dressing done as usual at 17 cts. per yard.
The above will be the prices if the wool taken and the cloth is delivered at the Mill; if delivered at an Agent's 2 cents per yard will be added. If payment for the same to be made on delivery of the cloth manufactured, should the work prove satisfactory. Cloth will be given in exchange for wool. All wool should be well washed.
For the convenience of customers the following Agents have been appointed, with either of whom wool or orders may be left and the cloth will be manufactured and left with them for delivery:—
Rosa & Pope, Portland; Wm. Mayberry, Gray Corner; James McArthur, Litchington; Josiah Davis, Standish; Moses Little, Jr. Windham; G. D. Dickinson, Lewiston; Falls; Holbrook & Gore, Freeport; Smith & Bennett, Norway; S. Crockett, & Co., Paris; Winsor & Chute, Naples; Jonathan G. Lewis, Duxton Centre. May, 1835. 6 m 40

YARNS.

COTTON Yarns from No. 7 to 18, first rate article, for sale cheap, by S. CROCKETT, & Co. May 19.

STEAM PACKET BANGOR.

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, & BANGOR.

FARE from Boston to Portland, \$3; from Portland to Bangor, \$4; and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt. Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston, for Portland, every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 6 o'clock for Bangor, touching at Oveshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.
Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.
For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.
This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs. Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route. Her engine was from the manufactory of J. P. Allaire of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on board, in case of fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of Indian rubber and cork mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.
Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Capt. Howes. She has been on the Salem railway and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

All Goods, Money, Valuables, or Baggage, at the risk of the owners of the same.
Travelers may depend on the above arrangements being made until further notice.
For freight or passage, apply to E. R. MUDGE, Corner of Middle & Union Streets. Portland, May 11, 1835. 40

CALICOES—For Sale.

1500 Yards CALICO just rec'd, from 10 to 37 1-2 cts per yd. by S. CROCKETT, & Co. May 12, 1835.

New Establishment!

GEORGE H. KENDALL—Portland,

HAS taken the Store No. 26, Middle Street, next above Shaw, Lopes & Co. and nearly opposite the foot of Free Street, where he offers a new and extensive assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, at Wholesale and Retail.

March 7, 1835. 2mis31

JUST RECEIVED, & FOR SALE

CHEAP!!!

A large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinets, by S. CROCKETT, & Co. May 12.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to Doct. Gnoven of Bethel, upon Book-Account, that his Books are left with the subscriber for adjustment. Immediate payment, or some other arrangement is requested, and will prevent cost. WILLIAM FRYE. Bethel, March 11, 1835. 35

NOTICE TO OXFORD SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

The Democratic Republicans, in the County of Oxford are requested to assemble in Delegation, on Paris Hill, from each Town and incorporated Plantation, on WEDNESDAY, the 1

LUCKY TOM.

A secret worth knowing. Tom Spooner was the luckiest dog in the world, at least so said his old cronies. "He began like a poor good for nothing mechanic," they would say, without a cent in the world—without a whole shirt to his back, half a shoe to his feet, and with nothing but his hands to work with. And yet Tom Spooner is one of the most wealthy and influential men among us. What a lucky dog that Tom Spooner has been! He went among those who started in life with him, but who were now the frequenters of grog-shops—lille and disolute, by the name of Lucky Tom. It puzzled his old friends not a little to account for his luck. "He had no rich relations and though not extravagant, he was liberal. He was no skin-flint. Could he know some art of magic that would unobscure the treasures of the earth, and spread its gold before him? he paid no attention to the words of fortune tellers, and gold-finders; he merely staid at home, and yet his course had been attended year after year and week after week with a wonderful share of good fortune—good luck. He must be in possession of some secret of which others are ignorant. What can it be? What on earth can it be?" If Tom had a lot of pork to dispose of, people were always willing to pay him a couple of cents more a pound than any person? And the dog? he was always so lucky enough to pay his debts! He was never so unlucky as to feel the gripe of a snaf, or hear the creak of the jail-door. Tom married. "Why! this poor mechanic has taken the sweetest and most beautiful girl in the place. Who would have thought it! What a confounded lucky dog, Tom Spooner is! He must have got the girl by magic—yes nothing less than magic! And then Tom's garden was picture of neatness; the fences were never known to blow over, as did his neighbors. His land was rich, while that of his very next door neighbor would produce hardly anything but weeds! What does Tom put into his land? How he rises one step after another! It there is an important station to be filled, why Tom Spooner was always the man. He could get a note discounted at the bank without security. If any question between neighbors was to be settled, who Tom—Lucky Tom—was always sure to be called in as umpire. "And now I think of it," says one, "I never knew Tom to speak an ill word against his neighbor—which shows plain enough that there are many in his secret, therefore, that he dares not utter a word to their prejudice. He never drinks—because to be sure, if intoxicated, some one will snatch his secret from him. He has learned his wife the way too. They both have the secret. He goes to church regularly—but that is for mere appearance's sake. He pouts over books when he can find time—he must be learning something more of his art of getting rich. He is laying up treasures. And then always has a lamp in his work-room late and he is always the first up in the house which furthermore shows that Tom's mind is always bent upon his secret. He can't find time even to take a glass with his old cronies at the grog-shop. He must have a secret worth knowing. It occupies his thoughts so much that he minds nobody's business but his own. And yet it does not weigh heavy on his mind—he is always good natured, contented and happy; he has no quarrelling in his family. All is pleasant, agreeable. Nothing is out of its place. Strange! Strange! said these wiseacres, that Tom Spooner—that poor mechanic—who began with nothing, of whom every body prophesied that he would come out of the little end of the horn—and who believed nothing of it, but stuck to his work, should have been so fortunate—so lucky in life! Up early late to bed—ever at work with hands or head?—he must have a secret worth knowing! An! Lucky Dog? Lucky Tom!—What can his secret be?" Reader! what can his secret be?

National Eagle.
An English Lady recommends a novel and we think unnecessarily severe mode of punishment for convicts. That is, sentence them to dress as modern Lady of fashion—or to make them undergo the pangs and penalties of tight lacing and small shoes—causing intolerable pain and distress and speedy destruction to health and life. Just add to this, balloon sleeves—short petticoats and pantaloons—and the dread of such punishment would equally prevent future commission of crime. The only objection would be that it would tend to suicide among the convicts, resulting from shame mortification and loss of self-respect, we would not annihilate in the bosom of the most degraded. How the sympathies of the benevolent would be excited and roused to action on seeing a thief or swindler condemned to "time away and die" prematurely in consequence of being hooped and bound in whale bone and canvass—stiffened and straightened with the addition of a steel busk or corset. This would be worse than Capital Punishment; yet ladies can endure it all, self-inflicted, self continued. In truth, the most natural and only fashionable mode of dying for a modern lady is by tight lacing.—*Saco Democrat.*

EARLY RISING. Let those who are visited with lassitude and ennui—and few are so blessed as not to be, at times, during the present oppressive season—let them "rise up early in the morning" before the sun, with the sombre aspect of night is struggling with the approaching day, and just as the want of the rising dawn appears in the east, brightening with a golden and crimson radiance the outline of the horizon, above the far reaching and swelling hills. There is poetry and depth of beauty in such a scene which disarms

ennui, and dispenses listlessness. It lifts the heart to God, when, in the chastened twilight of a summer morn—while the stillness of the grave lingers over the opening beauty of his handy work—we gaze abroad upon the swelling upland the verdant plain, the grassy river, and far beyond all, the distant mountains girt with a pale emerald belt the ample prospect before us. He cannot but be a cynic or misanthrope, who can look upon such objects unmoved, and he must be very indolent who would willingly forego a little restless sleep in the early morning to enjoy them. It is a season above all others, when we are forced to exclaim, "O Lord how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all."

In the war of the French revolution, in 1794, the King of Prussia, the duke of Brunswick, and General Clairfait, made a combined, and, as they thought, a most unexpected attack upon the republican army; but, to their great surprise, they found their enemies were fully prepared for them, ranged in regular order of battle, and gave them such a warm reception that they were obliged to retreat with considerable loss. At a council of war held immediately afterwards, in which the above mentioned persons were present, General Clairfait, fixing his eyes steadily on the King of Prussia, said, "One of us three is a traitor."

"How so?" said the King, looking confused.

"I repeat," said the General, "that one of us three is a traitor, or our well concerted plan could not possibly be successful."

"I can assure you," said the King of Prussia, "that I never whispered a word upon the subject to any human being, except to Madame de R." ***

"What a faithless counsellor, or rather what a perfect novice in the ways of the world, you must be!" exclaimed Clairfait. "Could you possibly have taken a more effectual method to sacrifice us to the French army, than by blabbing our secret to a French woman?"

A Hat Overboard. The United States Gazette contains an excellent story in which the following anecdote is related:

A sailor went aloft in a gale, and in a few moments afterwards was seen in the water—by great exertions was rescued. The captain, delighted with the success of his manoeuvres, and with the happy attempt of saving the life of one of his crew, sent for Jobie to come aft.

Jobie, streaming with the water which he had drunk, took the bottom of which he had so recently come, presented himself before the captain with his glazed leather hat in his hand.

"How did it happen my poor fellow, that you fell overboard?"

"May it please your honor," said Jobie, "I did not fall overboard—I jumped off the yard on purpose."

"How is that? Are you drunk?"

"Beg your pardon, Cap'n; but the fact is, my hat, which cost me nine francs, fell overboard—I was my last—and as I knew that a boat would not be put off to save that, I threw myself from the yard into the sea, that we might be both saved together, and here it is in my hand just as you see it."

Novel Undertaking. A morning paper yesterday published "a card," which announced that "Madame"—having consented, at the request of her friends and pupils, to remain in town during the summer, will continue to construct young ladies, at her residence, No. — street. Terms: fifteen dollars, &c.!!—What will Maelzel say to that?—*N. Y. Times.*

One Cent Reward. Strayed, stolen runaway or mislaid; mutilated, defunct, rowed up, or knocked into a cocked hat, the universal Whig party. Whoever will return or restore said exiled or discomfited party, will be handsomely rewarded by the United States Bank, through, Nick Biddle, its agent.

Amusing. We met with a queer typographical blunder, the other day, in an old volume of ethics, as follows:—"Private sobriety is an obsolete duty."—Perhaps "absolute" would have expressed the author's meaning as well.

It appears that the quantity of steel pens now manufactured in England, each year, is not less than 220 millions! Nearly two millions can be produced from a ton of steel.

The Rhode Island Legislature went into Grand Committee for the ice of U. S. Senator on Wednesday afternoon. The whole number of votes was 70—of which Nehemiah R. Knight had 41, and E. R. Potter 38—majority for Knight, 3. The Justices of the Courts of Common Pleas for the several counties were appointed, and the appointment of the Justices of the Supreme Court and Clerk, and the Sheriff of Providence County was postponed to June.

A Jack Tar's Illustration.—During the first "panic" concerning our relations with France, the following dialogue took place on Long wharf:

Landlord—Jack, how would you like a Jack?—I'd sooner run my risk in the State's service; for staring prize money on board of a privateer is like throwing soup through a ladder—what the stars catch, the sailors get.

Union of Sentiment.—At all the Democratic Conventions holden in this State for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Baltimore Convention, resolutions have been passed recommending the nomination of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency.—*Boston Statesman.*

State of Maine.

RESOLVE in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers.

RESOLVED, that each non-commissioned Officer and soldier of the Revolutionary Army, who enlisted to serve during the War, or for a term not less than three years, and actually served not less than three years in said army; who at the time of his enlistment, was an inhabitant of Massachusetts Proper or the District of Maine, and is now an inhabitant of this State, and who has not already received a grant of land of money in lieu thereof from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and each Widow of such officer or soldier, who at the time of his death was an inhabitant of this State—shall be entitled to receive two hundred acres of land, to be selected from either of the following Townships to wit:—Township number two, Indian Purchase, in the County of Penobscot, reserving all the Pine timber thereon; the same having been heretofore sold; and Letter D. in the second Range of Township West of the East line of the State, in the County of Washington. And each non-commissioned officer and soldier who was honorably discharged before the expiration of three years from the time of entering the service, or other bodily infirmity—and each Widow of such officer or soldier, and the Widow of every non-commissioned officer or soldier who died in the service within three years from the time of his entering the same—shall, if in all other respects coming within the provision of this Resolve, be entitled to receive a like grant of land, to be selected as aforesaid.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized and directed to cause the said Townships as soon as may be, to be surveyed and laid out into convenient lots of two hundred acres each; and to execute a conveyance of one lot to every officer, soldier and widow aforesaid, who shall prove his or her claims to the satisfaction of said Land Agent on or before the fourth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight. And every such officer, soldier or widow, who shall establish his or her claim as aforesaid, before the survey of land shall be completed, shall be entitled to receive from the Land Agent a certificate, stating that he or she is entitled to two hundred acres of land under the provisions of this Resolve; which certificate shall be conclusive evidence to entitle the lawful holder thereof to a conveyance in fee simple, of one of the two hundred acres lots aforesaid, whenever said land shall be surveyed and laid out as herein provided.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized to procure at the expense of the State, from the Land Agent, and the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and from the Pension Office at Washington, certified copies of all such documents and records as he may deem necessary or useful in carrying into effect the provisions of this Resolve. And it shall be his duty to keep correct plans of all surveys which shall be made as aforesaid, and to mark upon each lot the name of the person who shall first make choice of the same, and also to keep a record of the names and places of abode, and such other material circumstances relating to the several claimants, as may be deemed necessary to obviate all disputes respecting the justice of their claims.

RESOLVED, That every officer, soldier, and widow aforesaid, who shall become the owner of land under the provision of these Resolves, shall hold the same exempt from attachment on mesne process or execution.

In House Rep'r's. March 16, 1835.
Read and Passed.

JONA CILLEY, Speaker.
In Senate, March 16, 1835 Read & Passed.
JOSHUA PIERCE, President.
March 17, 1835, Approved.
ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

STATE OF MAINE.

LAND OFFICE,
Augusta, March 26, 1835

The "Resolve in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers," passed March 17, 1835, having made it my duty to decide upon the applications for land under the provisions of said Resolve, I have established the following rules and regulations:

All officers and soldiers will be required to subscribe and make oath to the truth of a declaration, setting forth the material facts respecting their service; among which the following particulars must be embraced:—Their place of residence at the time of enlistment; the regiment in which they served; the name of the Colonel; the date of their discharge; and the reasons why they were discharged; their residence March 17, 1835; that neither they nor others claiming under them, have ever received a grant of land or money from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and that they are justly entitled to a grant of land under the provisions of said Resolve. The declaration of widows will assert, "according to the best of their knowledge and belief," all the foregoing particulars respecting their former husbands, also that at the time of their decease they were inhabitants of this State. This must be accompanied by certificates of the Judge of Probate, that satisfactory evidence has been adduced that the applicant was the lawful wife, and is the widow of the person in whose name the claim is made. The Agent will give certificates agreeably to the provisions of said Resolve, to such as shall produce their declarations and other accompa-

nying evidence sufficient to establish their claims at the Land Office in Augusta, during each session of the Governor and Council, through the year.

Mr. William Wozart, Jr. Augusta, will receive the declarations and examine the evidence of applicants, and his decision will be final, unless facts should come to the knowledge of the Agent, before issuing a certificate, having a tendency to discredit the evidence adduced in support of the claim. All applications and all communications upon the subject, must be made direct to William Wozart, Jr., at Augusta. The copies of documents required for the direction of the Agent in deciding upon applications, will be procured as early as the middle of May.

Whenever the surveys of the townships named in the Resolve, shall have been completed by the Surveyor General, and the plans and field notes returned to this Office, deeds will be forthwith executed upon the application of the "lawful holders" of certificates.

JOHN HODGSON, Land Ag't of Maine.
April 1, 1835.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

THE subscriber will prepare the declarations for such REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS as choose to apply under the Resolve of the Legislature of Maine.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec, next to be holden at Augusta, on the last Tuesday of April, A. D. 1835.

I understand and represent that the public would, in their opinion, be much benefited by the location of a public road in the best and most direct course from Kennebec Falls in Chebroke, to Livermore Falls in the County of Oxford. They therefore pray your honors to locate and establish a road, commencing near Kennebec Falls in Chebroke, in the County of Kennebec, so as to intersect the swamp road leading to Farmington Falls thence in a southerly direction in the best and most direct course through Jay to Livermore Falls, in the County of Oxford, or to make such alterations in the present roads on the route, and to discontinue any portion of the same as in your opinion may best promote the public good.

Signed, **JONAS DAVIS,**
March 27, 1835. and 54 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss:
Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1835.

ON the petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Joseph Keith's in Chebroke, in said County of Kennebec, on Thursday the ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of hearing and deciding upon the petition mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served on the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said Counties of Oxford and Kennebec, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Chebroke, Jay, and Livermore, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Eastern Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Age, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest, **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**
A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest, **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**
40

To the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec, now in session at Augusta, April Term, A. D. 1835.

WE the undersigned respectfully represent, that the road from Kennebec Falls in Chebroke, in Livermore, to Farmington Falls, in the County of Oxford, is a high and tedious hill, and that the public would be in a high degree benefited by making the following alterations, viz:—commencing at Kennebec Falls, in the County of Kennebec, and running in the most direct southerly direction to Smith's Mills, in Fayette, thence south of the road now traveled to Fayette corner, thence north of said road near Silver Star Jones, Jr. to the road located from Craque & Williams Mills to Anna Titton's, necessary to lay in that road to or near cratched pond, thence to the old road near Samuel Williams's, in Fayette, in the most eligible direction. And we would further represent that this road being made would render it needful that the said road be continued so as to connect with it. And we would further represent, that these roads being made would render certain parts of the road now traveled, and also of the road located from Craque & Williams Mills to Anna Titton's, unnecessary to the public good. We therefore pray you to view and locate a road on said route, and make such discontinuances in other roads mentioned as may be deemed expedient.

Signed, **JOHN JUDKINS,** 3d, & 20 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss:
Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1835.

ON the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the Petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Eliza Pettengill's store in Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on Monday the twenty-second day of June next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of hearing and deciding upon the petition mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served on the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said Counties of Oxford and Kennebec, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Fayette and Livermore, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Eastern Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Age, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, a paper printed in the County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest, **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**
A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest, **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**
40

SIR HENRY.

THIS valuable and noble **STUD HORSE** will stand the time at the Stable of Anthony Bennett in Norway.—The Farmers of Oxford County have now a favorable opportunity of improving their breed of Horses, by a true and pure Sir Henry, his stock proves a tough, hardy race, uniting both power, fleetness and elegance.

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To the Public.

THE Fifty-second number of the Republic of Letters will close the first year of the work. It was commenced as an experiment—the liberal patronage it has received, as well as the favor bestowed upon other works of a like kind, which have followed in its track, shows that the plan of the work is approved, and has given it a permanency which induces the publisher to make such alterations and improvements as he believes will be acceptable to subscribers, and give it a further claim upon the reading community.

Since the work has been in the hands of the present publisher, he has endeavored to ascertain as far as practicable, the views of the subscribers in relation to one or two matters important to the interest of the work.

The first is in relation to the change in its form. It has been the opinion of the present publisher from the first, that the octavo form—being one half of the present size, would be preferable; and he is gratified that the subscribers with whom he has been enabled to confer, have almost unanimously expressed the same opinion.—The form of the work will therefore be changed at the commencement of the second year to octavo, each number containing thirty-two pages.

The second point, in relation to the selections for the work. The opinions of subscribers in this are extremely various—so much so as to render it impossible to satisfy all. Thus far, the object of the work is to give as much variety as possible, and at the same time to introduce into each volume one or two works of some magnitude. Some objection has been made to works which necessarily require from eight to ten numbers, as far as practicable this is nature will be avoided.

The "Republic of Letters" is a reprint of *Standard Literature*; works, therefore, which are new and ephemeral, are necessarily excluded.

The future volumes will embrace more of historical works, biography, and travel, than hitherto.

The first Number of the second year will contain "Ella" by Charles Lamb, one of the most beautiful and popular works of the time—to be followed by Voltaire's *Pater de la Grate*—*Calamita de Autorita*, by D'Israeli, &c. &c. and in the course of the volume will be published some volume of History, prepared under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner, by Sir Walter Scott, T. Moore, Esq., Mackintosh, and others.

The work will be published weekly as heretofore, at 6-14 cents per Number, or three Dollars per year to those who receive the work by mail and pay in advance. Postmasters throughout the United States are requested to act as Agents.

All Subscribers who now receive the work by mail, are requested to forward their subscriptions for the second year if they wish the work continued to them.

The two volumes contain the following works, and may be had bound, or in numbers:—

"The Can of Feeling," by Mekenzie. The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith. The Tale of the Hall by Crabbe. The Letters of Lady Wootly Montague, by Mrs. Walpole. The Old English Baron, by Clara Reeve. Dr. Franklin's Life and Essays. Light and Shadows of Scottish life, by Wilson. The Adventures of Gill Biss, from the French of Le Sage, by Smollett. Julia de Rohanne, by Mekenzie. Macezapa, by Lord Byron. The Tapestried Chamber, by Walter Scott. The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Hood. Zennor, by De Moore. Essays, moral, economical, and political, by the Lord Chancellor Bacon. Chevy Chase. L'Allegro, by Milton. I Penseroso, by Milton. Italian and Spanish Proverbs. The History of Charles XII., by Voltaire. Manfred, by Lord Byron. Ailsa Broun, a Tale, by T. Moore, Esq. Elizabeth, by M. Cotton. Retaliation, by Goldsmith. The Man of the World, by Mekenzie. Coliver's Travels, by Swift. Essay on the Human Understanding, by Locke. Don Quixote, by Cervantes. Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by Humbolt, &c.

All communications relating to the work to be addressed to the subscriber,
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